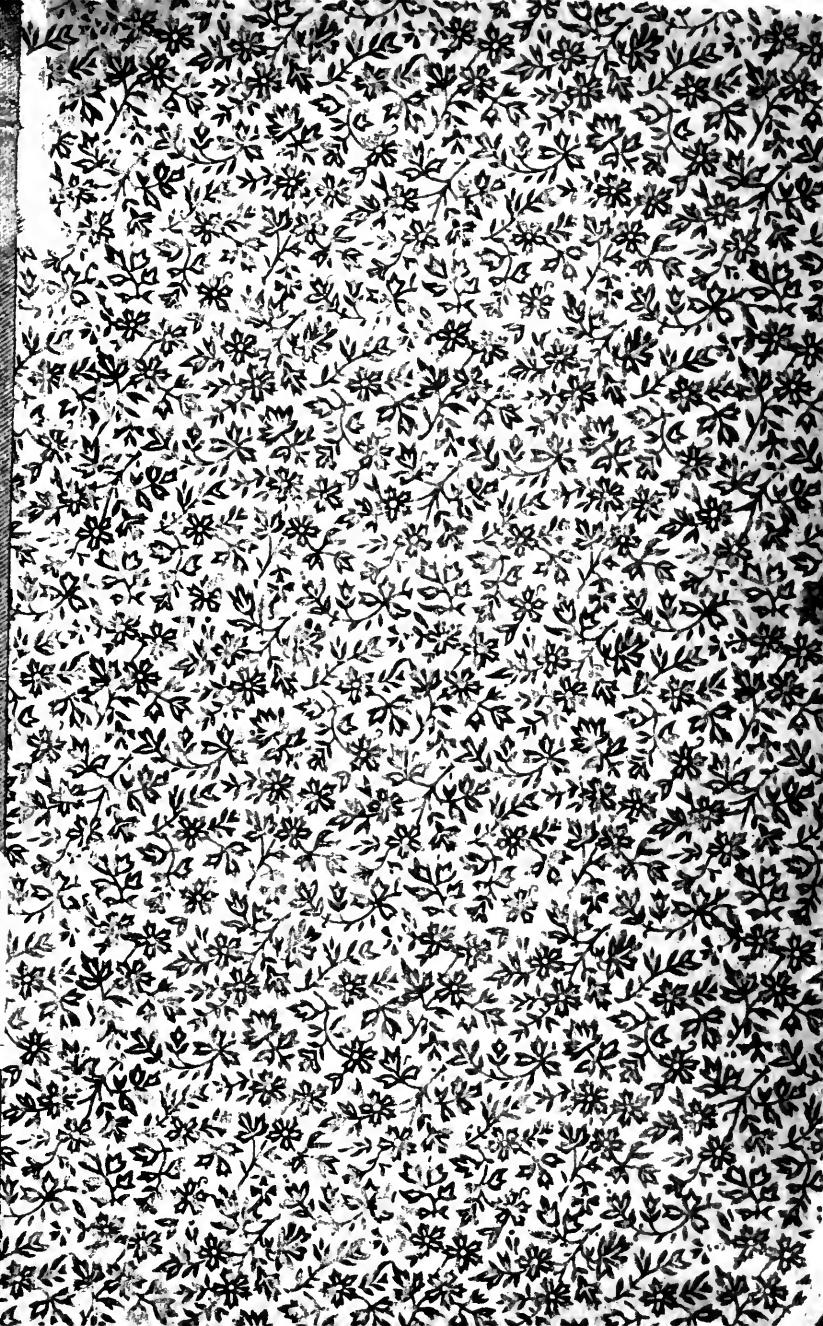


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BEQUEST OF JULIA BIDDLE.









JOSEPH AND HIS GRANDFATHER.





THE

J E W I S H B O Y :

OR

THE HISTORY

OF

J O S E P H L A M A R.

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PHILADELPHIA :

H O G A N, P E R K I N S & C O.

1852.

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## PREFACE.

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THE history of little Joseph contained in the following pages, is offered to my young friends as a beautiful illustration of filial affection; and with the hope that the example of Joseph may be remembered and *followed*, so far as he followed the commandment of the God of his father and ours.

“Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the

land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

No little boy or girl can enjoy true happiness in this world, or in that which is to be hereafter, who disregards the known will of God in any thing; and no one has a right to count upon the fulfilment of the promise attached to this command, without obedience to the will of God as contained in it.

A.

# THE JEWISH BOY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE SICKNESS OF JOEL.

It was a glorious day in May; the gardens were blooming in the bright sunshine, and the blossoms with which the fruit-trees were loaded, fully expanded. It was also the Sabbath; the morning service had been held in the church, and the inhabitants of a quiet country village, were sitting at their cottage doors enjoying the warmth and

beauty of the evening. The little children, too, were there; and watched and wondered as they saw the fiery orb sink, until his last rays were nearly hidden behind the dark woods which bounded the horizon. Some, indeed, too giddy to be restrained, were amusing themselves by rolling over the fresh young grass, or shaking the branches within their reach until the blossoms fell like a shower of snow.

It was a day peculiarly emblematic of the rest it was intended to typify, and adapted to fill the heart of man with gratitude, and direct his meditations heavenward.

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Among the old people the conversation was of a serious kind. They spoke of the institution of a day of rest, and the doctrines they had heard in their good pastor's sermon, and offered many comments in their own simple way upon different texts of Scripture.

A slight movement was observed among some of the young people who were grouped together at the further end of the long street which formed the whole of the village.

When you hear a knock at the door, or a footstep in the vestibule, Anna, you are all curiosity to know who is coming, and you do not rest until that

curiosity is satisfied. So it was with those villagers. It was seldom that any stranger came to that quiet spot, and now the advance of two strangers along the street, was an occurrence sufficient to divert the attention of Pastor Julian's people from the subject they had been discussing.

With slow and tottering steps an old man, with a long white beard, and carrying a large bundle on his back, passed through the groups of smiling children, holding by the hand a little boy, whose age at most could not have exceeded six years.

The child was barefoot, and carried an

old tattered cap in his left hand; his clothing was coarse and ragged, but notwithstanding his indifferent dress, he was a pretty boy, with dark curly hair, black eyes, and very rosy cheeks. They were Jews; and the old man, a peddler, had cottons, handkerchiefs, and such goods as you are wanting for every day use, which he carried in the large bundle on his back, and procured a livelihood, a scanty one indeed, by selling them to the country people.

“Mother,” interrupted Anna, “what is a Jew?”

“When you are older,” said Mrs. H—, “and can read your Bible, you

will find that the Jews were once the favoured people of God; that to them Divine revelation was given, and from them our Saviour sprung. But now they have no country, no home: they wander mostly from place to place, and in some countries are treated with the greatest cruelty. But to return to our story.

He advanced, as I said, through the groups of wondering children, until he reached the spot where the villagers were still employed in their conversations. There he stopped, and as the young men and maidens flock'd around him, he begged that they would buy some of his wares. Some, indeed most,

said "We don't buy on Sunday," others, less reverential, bade him open his pack; and one neat dairy maid, after rumaging for some time, found a gay colour-ed handkerchief, which she declared would suit her exactly.

Now you are ready to say, Anna, "that was a bad old man, to wish to sell on Sunday." The Jews keep Saturday as their Sabbath, and are scrupulous in its observance, but we Christians observe the first day of the week, for our Sabbath, because on that day our Saviour rose from the dead.

Many standing by, reproved the girl for buying on Sunday, but she persisted,

and concluded her purchase. The money was counted, but just as the old man had stretched out his hand to receive it, he fell to the earth as one stricken by death. The maidens screamed fearfully, the men flocked around, but not one reached forth a helping hand to the fallen stranger. Alas! he was a Jew; and in their ignorance they imagined that a sufficient excuse for their want of humanity, which they would have been ready to show in any other case.

The little boy, though at first stunned by astonishment, tried to raise him, but finding he did not move nor speak, burst

into a passionate weeping, and throwing himself on the body of the old man, exclaimed in a tone of anguish, "Grandfather, dear grandfather what ails you?"

It was impossible that the lamentations of the child should long have failed to awaken compassion in the hearts of the bystanders, but before they had made up their minds whether they could touch a Jew, their Pastor made his appearance in the village street.

Half ashamed of themselves, some stood back, others went to meet him, and all were glad to see him at a moment when his presence was so particularly needful. He had finished his

Sabbath day's work; in the morning he had expounded the Gospel, preaching from the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" in the afternoon catechized the young people, and now, having prayed by the sick beds of some of his parishioners, was returning through the village to his home.

"Good evening, Pastor, good evening;" was echoed from many lips; the little children ran to meet him, to some he extended his hand, and he had a smile and kindly greeting for all.

A farmer leaving the group around the old Jew, hastened to meet and inform him of the occurrence as I have

related it.

The good Pastor quickened his pace, and soon heard the plaintive wailing of the child, who, still embracing the prostrate body, would ask, "Grandfather, dear grandfather, what ails you?" He soon reached the spot, where they still crowded, but no one had put forth a helping hand.

They were a well meaning but ignorant people, and they dreaded touching a Jew, and it is most probable the old man would have died where he fell, but for the timely arrival of the Pastor.

This excellent man, although he had lived all his life in this obscure spot,

had more enlarged views than his parishioners had of the duty man owes to man, although many of them were gray, whilst he was still in the bloom of youth. The Gospel had taught him to love all men, whether Jew, Turk, or Christian; because God had made them, and all might be subjects of redeeming grace.

It is almost impossible for us, living in this happy country, to imagine the contempt in which the Jews are held in most of the countries in Europe. So great was the abhorrence, that the meanest Christian serf in Poland and Russia would not have exchanged his

condition even with a wealthy Jew. The common courtesies of life were denied them, and the law afforded them no redress when they were oppressed.

In any other case, those simple people would not have been backward in giving their aid, but—"they could not touch a Jew." Yet it was not without a feeling of shame, that they replied to the inquiry of Parson Julian why they did not raise him up; that it was not long since he had fallen, and they did not know what to do with him or where to take him. "Is it, my people, because he is a Jew?" said the Pastor. "Remember, we are all creatures of God, made

of the same clay, and bound to assist each other in time of distress."

"But he was selling goods on Sunday," urged one in excuse of their inhumanity.

"His creed and ours differ," answered the Pastor; "but while we pity his error, should we forget our duty as men and as Christians? Let me see instantly if he is living."

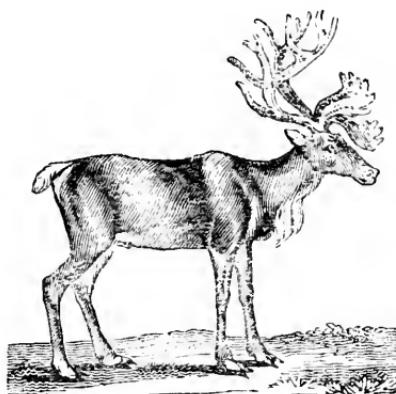
As he spoke he stooped down, and finding that life was not extinct, he attempted to raise the fallen man. But the boy, who still continued to embrace his grandfather, gave vent to louder wailings, and resisted to the utmost of

his little strength, the attempt to remove him.

At length the Pastor's mild voice, "Wont you let me help your grandfather, my little boy?" effected what force could not easily accomplish. He lifted his streaming eyes toward the good man's face, and put forth his little hand to take that offered by the Pastor, who assisted him to rise.

Incited by the example of one who possessed so much of their confidence, the people, who were not really hard-hearted, but only ignorant, raised the insensible Jew, and proceeded to carry him, with his goods, to the Parsonage.

The Pastor followed, willingly accompanied by the child, whom he comforted with the assurance that they would try to do his grandfather good.



## CHAPTER II.

## THE DEATH OF JOEL.

HAVING reached their destination, his first care was to send for a surgeon, who soon came and bled him; but, though the Pastor, assisted by his old housekeeper did not fail to use every means proper in such a case, no consciousness returned, though life still remained. While thus benevolently occupied, they could not avoid observing the painful solicitude evinced by the boy, uncommon in a child so young. He

crept close to the bedside, laid his warm rosy cheek on the pale, wrinkled forehead, and holding the withered hand in both of his own, kissed it, and said :

“O, wake, dear grandfather, and tell me what ails you ! Surely you will not die like my father and mother. O, what shall I do when I have no father, nor mother, nor dear grandfather any more ?”

When the surgeon, after a few hours absence, returned, and found his patient still unconscious, he looked thoughtful, and expressed his opinion that Joel (which the little boy said was his grandfather’s name) would not recover, but

that on the third day the stroke would be repeated, and then he would die.

Poor Joseph, who heard and fully understood what he said, could not be persuaded to leave his grandfather, but continued his lamentations.

“Poor boy,” said the good Pastor Julian, “what a desolate lot will his be, but he must be a child of good feelings and warm affections; in my own childhood I was left desolate, and my heart is pained when I look on his helplessness.”

On the second day, the Pastor, who was still watching by the sick bed, had the satisfaction of hearing a few words

from the hitherto silent lips of the Jew. After a few indistinct murmurs, the words, "Joseph—my poor little Joseph!" caused the boy to start, joy beamed in his eyes, and he pressed closer to the sick man who evinced a consciousness of his presence. "You will not leave me, grandfather," said the child, "you will get well;" but no answer greeted him.

The night was far advanced, he seemed to awake from sleep, and repeated a portion of one of the Psalms. "I will sing to the Lord, for he hath dealt mercifully with me; therefore will I hope in thee, and call upon thy name, for

thou wilt not forsake me, O Lord, whom I seek. The Lord heareth my supplication, the God of Israel will not reject my prayer."

For three days he spoke no other words, with the exception of frequent articulations of the name of Joseph. On the evening of the third day, as the physician had predicted, he died. Poor little Joseph! he refused to be comforted, calling on the name of his grandfather, and exclaiming—"What will become of me now, I am all alone!"

Mr. Julian was absent when this took place. He had been sent for to administer consolation to the sick and

dying among his own flock; and was returning to his home with a heart weighed down by earnest and anxious meditation.

Who can stand by a death-bed without being deeply impressed? Who can see a soul entering into eternity without feeling the importance of preparation for a new state of being? The diligent use of a lifetime is required for preparation; but how much time is wasted in worldly and frivolous pursuits, when we are taught by every dying bed, as well as by the Word of God, that there is “one thing needful.”

The Pastor thought too of the poor

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wanderers to whom he had given an asylum.

“Poor outcast,” he said, “I wish he had been a Christian. I wish he had known and loved that Saviour who offered salvation to all, to the Jew first, and afterwards to the Gentile. And thou, poor desolate orphan, that will soon be alone in the world; may the God who has made thee, be thy helper.”

Continuing thus to muse, he reached his home, and as he stepped over the threshold, and the wailing of the boy met his ear, he knew too truly that death was there. He entered the chamber where he had left Martha, his house-

keeper, and saw the orphan leaning over the body, which he now knew to be dead, and kissing the cold lips as if he hoped to recall life to them by the warmth of his own.

“I can do nothing with him,” said Martha, wiping her eyes; “I never saw a child so grieved, but perhaps you can persuade him to come away. It is time the body should be attended to.”

Mr. Julian approached, and said in a gentle tone, “Come to me, Joseph, I want to tell you something of your grandfather.”

The child obeyed at once, and the Pastor, taking him on his knee, wiped

his tears, and endeavoured to console him. But he still continued to exclaim, “My grandfather is dead, and I am all alone.”

“No, my poor child,” said the good man, “you are not alone; you are here with me, and God is over all. Do not go to your grandfather again, he is sleeping. Let him sleep, for you cannot awake him. Leave him with God; do you not remember how he said yesterday, ‘Therefore I hope in thee, and will call upon thy name, for thou wilt not forsake any that seek thee.’ Did he teach you to pray, Joseph?”

“O yes,” said the child, “he often prayed with me.”

“Come then,” said Mr. Julian, “and since your grandfather is gone, pray with me.”

He led him to the bedside, where the corpse lay. It was evident that the child had been instructed in the knowledge of God, and the duty of prayer, for he folded his little hands reverently, and with streaming eyes, listened to the prayer offered by the good man.

“Heavenly Father, thou art good, and thy ways are righteous and just. Look upon this child who kneels before thee, pity his grief and fill his soul with comfort. Thou hast taken away his earthly prop; give him a firm belief

and trust in thyself; without thy knowledge, not even a sparrow falls to the ground, and the hairs of our head are all numbered. Our lives are in thy hand: thou givest our blessings, and our friends, and thou takest them again; all is thine, O Lord, ever blessed be thy name."

He arose from his knees, and addressed the boy.

"Joseph, your grandfather is dead, God has called him to the long sleep of the grave, and he will wake no more, although you call him. The sufferings of his life are past now, and we must leave him. Say good night, and come with me."

Without offering any opposition, the child accompanied him to his study which adjoined his bed-chamber, and the kind old Martha, after bringing some supper, made up a little bed for him on the sofa, where, worn out with his grief and long watching, he soon sunk into a calm, refreshing slumber.

It is now late, Anna, and your bed-time has arrived; so good night. Tomorrow we will continue the history of little Joseph. But pray, ere you sleep, that God will give you a kind and benevolent heart, and fashion it with his own hand for every good and perfect work.

## CHAPTER III.

LITTLE JOESEPH BECOMES ONE OF THE  
PASTOR'S FAMILY.

ALTHOUGH I could not keep my promise exactly as I intended, Anna, in continuing the story of the Jewish boy, I am glad to see that you did not manifest an impatient spirit, and that you was as diligent at your knitting as if I had been here. Good children do not need the eye of a parent constantly upon them to keep them at their duty. They will do as well in

the absence, as in the presence of parents, remembering that the eye of God is ever upon them, and that in doing their duty well and cheerfully, they will not only have the approbation of their parents, but also that of their own hearts. But now we will go on with the history of little Joseph.

Joseph slept soundly in spite of his grief, and the sleep of childhood is sweet and refreshing. But not so with the good Pastor, sleep was driven from his pillow; care and anxiety for the orphan thus thrown, as it seemed, by Providence upon him, filled his thoughts, and when the morning dawned he had

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not decided what he should do with his helpless charge.

All that he had seen of the child had greatly interested him; but then it was a time of great grief. He knew nothing of his previous training or habits, and if he kept him, as he felt inclined to do, he feared how it might be regarded by his parishioners, who had fully manifested the contempt in which they held the despised race to which he belonged. Besides, he was very poor himself. Though he was content with his scanty stipend, it was hardly sufficient for his frugal housekeeping. Martha, too, was old, and not strong; could he, ought

he, to burden her with the care of a child? Painfully desirous to know his duty, he rose early and sought direction from a source never appealed to in vain, and his heart felt lighter.

He approached the bed where the boy still slumbered, and gazed on his innocent face, as he lay all unconscious of past sorrow, or dread of future suffering.

Can any one look on a sleeping child and think without emotion, what elements may be hidden beneath that quiet surface, elements which by judicious training, may be made subservient to good, or turned by neglect or bad example only to purposes of evil?

The good Pastor thought not only of this, as he bent over the mysterious frame formed for the temple of God, but he thought of his own orphaned boyhood, the struggles of his widowed mother, and the weight of care which in his own case, had repressed the buoyant spirit of childhood, and brought it to early maturity.

“But in it all,” said he to himself, “I had a mother, a kind and tender mother, until I grew to manhood; and in all that discouraged or depressed, there was one heart in which I could confide. But this poor child! What is to become of him if I cast him off?

I cannot do it. And if my people murmur, let them; God, who sent me the orphan, will show me how to provide for him."

Whilst he stood thus meditating beside the little couch, the boy awoke, and the first exclamation that burst from his lips, proved that the sad remembrance had dawned on his waking. The good man stooped over him, and laying his hand on the dark, clustering curls that adorned his head, said in a mild voice,—“Good morning, Joseph, may God bless you.”

These words seemed to awaken a new tide of grief; tears burst from the eyes

of the forlorn child, as he exclaimed, "O that was what poor grandfather said to me every morning. But now he is dead, and I have nobody—nobody will be good to me."

Tears are salutary, and the Pastor suffered him to weep.

"Yes, Joseph," he said, after a while, "somebody will be good to you; but now it is time to rise. Get up, for I have much that I wish to say to you.

There was something in the tones of that kind voice, now tremulous with emotion, that soothed and cheered the child. He put his little hand confidingly into that offered by his protector,

dried his tears, and did as the Pastor desired him.

When he was ready, the good man said, "Come to me, Joseph, I was thinking about you when you were sleeping, and meditating what I could do for you. Tell me, have you no friends? No parents? Are there no relatives to whom you can go?"

"No," he answered sorrowfully, "none but grandfather. My mother I do not remember. My father, grandfather laid him in the earth, and we went far away."

"Where did you live?" asked Mr. Julian.

“After my father died, we had no home. We walked every day, and grandfather was often sick;” and, as if overcome by some sudden recollection, he exclaimed, “O let me go to my grandfather!”

“Joseph,” said the good man, “listen to me, you cannot go to your grandfather; he is dead, and we must lay him in the grave, as you saw your father laid. You say you are all alone in the world. So am I. Will you stay with me, and promise to be good?”

The child looked up astonished. “Will you let me stay?” he asked, “dare I stay with you?”

“If you will be good, and do as I wish you, you shall stay.”

“O I will be good,” he answered, “I did not love to vex grandfather, and I will not vex you.”

“Well, then, you shall stay; you will never see your grandfather again, but you must be obedient to me, and love me, and I will be kind to you; but see, here is Martha coming with some breakfast.”

While Martha was placing the breakfast on the table, Mr. Julian was studying how he should proceed, to gain her co-operation in his plan. Much to his gratification, she saved him the trouble

“I wonder what is to become of this poor child, I am so sorry for him; I wish some good body would take pity on him, and keep him. Ah! if he was not a Jew, he might find friends.”

“Jew or not, Martha,” said the Pastor, “he must not be left to suffer. Is he not one of the creatures of God, made by the same hand which formed us all, and entitled to the kindness and sympathy of his fellow-man? Has not Christ said too, ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me?’ What if I should take him, Martha? Speak, you have a right to be consulted.

He has not a friend in the world, and Providence seems to have cast him upon me. If I forsake him, what will become of him? Martha, what do you say? It will impose heavier duties on you, which I have no right to exact, without your own consent."

The little boy left his place by the Pastor's knee, and crept close to Martha as she stood by the breakfast-table, and putting his hand in hers, looked up sadly in her face, while he said, "O will you not let me stay with you? I will be very good."

"Yes, you poor little black eyes," said the good old woman, wiping her

tears, "if my master is willing to keep you, why I will take my share of the trouble. Somebody must raise you, if you are a Jew."

When breakfast and prayers were over, Mr. Julian, leaving Joseph with Martha, went into the village, to consult with some of the people about the burial of the old man, and greatly to his surprise, he received permission to have him buried, in a distant corner it is true, but still within the walls of the churchyard.

To others, he gave charge of the goods in the pack, that they might be sold to defray the funeral expenses ; and

having engaged the coffin, and made all the necessary arrangements, he returned to his home, where he was pleased to find Martha already deeply interested in making some arrangements, for the comfort of the boy.

Before the pack was taken away, he opened it in hopes of finding something that would throw some light on the past history of his little protege.

Besides the goods, he found a few books, some accounts, one or two letters written in German, and directed to Joel Lamar, Vienna, in which place he had probably lived; and an old pocket-book containing five guineas. The books





“WILL YOU NOT LET ME STAY?”

were the Old Testament written in Hebrew, the Psalms, and the Primer in which Joseph learned his letters.

The goods were sold, and brought enough to defray the expenses of the burial, without using the money found in the pocket-book, which, together with the books and the staff, which had both aided the travels of Joel many weary miles, and served as a measure for his cloths, the Pastor reserved as a legacy for Joseph.

It was on Sunday evening that Joel came to the village, and on Friday the funeral took place; and mark the influence of example, many of those who

stood around the fallen man, and forebore to stretch forth a hand toward him in his extremity, now followed the coffin. There were some, however, among the number, who thought Mr. Julian was exceeding his privileges, in giving Christian burial to a Jew. But he, ever mild and forbearing, if he knew any thing of their dissatisfaction, gave it no attention, and thus no fuel being thrown upon the flame, it soon passed away, and ere long the whole matter was forgotten.

The funeral being over, and all once more settled in his quiet household, the good Pastor began to try, now that his

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grief was somewhat subdued, what effect his teachings would have upon the Jewish boy.

Prayerfully did the good man give himself to the task, and strong in the faith of Divine promise, he trusted he should yet see the fruit of his labours. “Cast thy bread upon the waters,” saith the Scriptures “thou shalt find it after many days.”

Each day he became more interested, the child was good and docile. He paid the greatest attention to the wishes of his benefactor, and serious and steady, it seemed as though the misfortunes of his childhood, in darkening his path,

had given him a stability not often to be met with, and scarcely to be expected in one so young.

He appeared never to lose sight of the great debt he owed to Mr. Julian. He received his instructions thankfully, and won at last from that good man, the love of a father, which he, from the depths of an affectionate heart, returned with that of a son.

Martha too, had divested him of his tattered garments, and made him a suit from some of the materials found in his grandfather's pack. She taught him how to brush his hair, and keep himself tidy, and was astonished at

the transformation she had herself effected.

"He is such a pretty boy," she would say, "I am so glad we kept him, even if he is a Jew"

To her, always respectful and kind, to the villagers, courteous and mild ; he finally won, at least the outward favour, of those who had at first not only despised him for his origin, but had tried to make him see they did so. He had so successfully secured the affections of Martha, that she would go with him on summer evenings to the churchyard, and give him flowers to strew on his

grandfather's grave,\* saying to herself as she did so, "Now, who would have ever thought I would have strewn flowers on the grave of a Jew? But it is all for love of the boy."

As Joseph grew up he gave many proofs of a strong, inquiring mind, ready to investigate for itself; and many anxious fears arose in the Pastor's heart respecting his future religious faith. He instructed him most carefully in the Scriptures, and in the knowledge of Christ, setting forth his humility and self-denial as worthy of all imitation;

\* A custom still in use, not only among the Germans in rural districts, but in some of the Northern Islands.

and the moral sublimity of his character as proof of his Divine origin. He did his duty faithfully; it was for him to sow the seed; the issue was with God.

Yet a child is a mysterious thing, and though no art be used to conceal the movements of his mind, it is not an easy thing to understand him. Those who feel the great responsibility of training a child for eternity, know how difficult it is to find its real bias, or to discipline it in that manner which shall be most productive of good.

Joseph knew he was a Jew, and, greatly attached to the memory of his

grandfather, had never forgotten his teaching. As he grew more and more able to comprehend, he would, in the course of Mr. Julian's instructions, ask many questions concerning the difference between the faith of his fathers and the Christians.

The good Pastor for a long time, could form no conjecture which faith he would profess, although from his devout behaviour at church, his reverent demeanour at prayers, and all other religious observances, no one would suppose him any other than a Christian.

Let us leave Joseph now for a while, and we will finish his history at another

time. But see, Anna, how the mild courtesy of the poor boy operated upon those ignorant people, who, on the least occasion would have thought it right to treat him ill.

Let your conduct be ever mild and gentle, remembering what the Apostle says, "And be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." And while you pity the poor Jewish boy, be thankful that your lot has been cast in a land abounding with the pure light of the Gospel, where no such prejudices exist, and where man is not degraded by his fellow man be-

low the brutes, as many of these once beloved people of God are.

Sometime I will tell you how they were driven from their own country, and forced to serve as slaves in a strange land. But now good night.



## CHAPTER IV.

## SCENE IN THE PASTOR'S STUDY.

WE must pass over a period of ten years in the history of Joseph. We find him no longer a child, but a handsome, blooming youth, standing on the verge of manhood.

What vicissitudes are produced in the passage of ten years. In the simple household of the Pastor, all was changed. Time though it had dealt gently with the good man, had yet sprinkled his

locks with gray, and shaded his brow with deeper seriousness.

Martha, old and infirm, was almost entirely confined to her armchair by the fireside ; but a gentle matron now presided over the domestic concerns, and by her side a bright haired little girl ran about employing her tiny hands in efforts to assist her mother.

The good Pastor finding it not good for man to be alone, had married ; and his choice was made with foresight and wisdom.

There are to be found in every community, those who love to predict evil for each coming event, and our obscure village was not so far shut out from

the world, that the spirit of envy could not reach it.

Although the kind and courteous manners of the Jewish boy had conciliated the outward favour of those who at first had despised him for his origin, still a latent feeling of envy lurked within their hearts, that the child of an outcast should enjoy advantages superior to those they themselves were able to bestow on their own children.

With great joy, this class of the Pastor's flock, heard of his approaching marriage.

“The Jew will have to go on his travels again,” said one.

“That is just what he ought to do,” rejoined another.

“Rebecca Werner will be a great fool if she does not rid the house of him, and Mr. Julian will have enough to do to support his own family, I should think.”

“Yes,” added a third, “our Pastor is a very good man, but I always thought he was very foolish in this matter. If he wanted to bring up other people’s children, he could have found enough in his own parish, without picking up Jews in the street.”

“But,” said another, whose heart was made of softer stuff, “what else could

he do? Was the child to starve? Besides, Joseph is not a bad boy. I am sure a better and quieter, cannot be found in the whole village."

"The boy is well enough now," said the first speaker, "but he is a child yet; just wait and see. If our Pastor keeps him until he grows up, he will get his pay; I have no faith in a Jew."

They were doomed to disappointment, Rebecca Werner was one after the Pastor's own heart. The beauty, the desolate condition, the subdued manner of the helpless boy, and the respectful observance he paid to the wishes of all, from Mr. Julian to old Martha, won

from the gentle mistress of the house, not only compassion, but love. To her he was not less obedient and kind, than to his benefactor; and to Martha, now almost helpless, he seemed to wish to repay the services she had rendered to his childhood, with the most unremitting duty.

Mrs. Julian's coming, so far from making a sad change in the circumstances of the boy, shed but a brighter ray of sunlight upon his path. Attentive to all taught him by Mr. Julian, in matters of every day import, as well as religious duty, he learned yet more from the teachings of that gentle being

who suffered the forlorn boy to call her mother.

There are comparatively few, who know how great is the effect of female influence, interwoven as it is into the very texture of every feeling and habit of youth. The energies of one woman, properly enlarged and directed, can accomplish more in forming the character of children, than the efforts of many men.

So in the case of the Jewish boy. Taking a deep hold upon his affections, teaching him more by her example, in all things pertaining not only to this life, but that beyond the grave,

he learned even more from her than from the good Pastor, and the holy influence received at that plastic time when the character is forming, lent a hue that coloured all his future life.

The life of poor Joseph had flowed not only calmly, but joyfully, in this home of peace, until he reached his sixteenth year. The sunlight poured by those kindly beings, had illumined the heart so sad and drear in childhood, and the genial rays were reflected upon his speaking face.

He had not forgotten his grandfather, although he had long ago ceased to deplore him, and he gave all the love of

affectionate nature to those who so well deserved it. But at this time it was evident that all was not peace within; a very visible change had come over him.

Amiable as he was, he had often showed that he possessed firmness and determination. Thoughtful and serious, after he was able to comprehend the teachings of his friend, he gave proof of a mind of more than common power, and a wish to examine matters for himself. He knew that he was a Jew, and what the faith of his fathers had been, and that a strong line of distinction divided his race from other nations.

But in the whole course of instruction received from Mr. Julian, or in all the questions he had asked while reading the Scriptures, and which proved his interest in the subject, he had never betrayed his religious principles; nor could the good Pastor discover what they were likely to be.

This gave to his benefactor great uneasiness, who was anxious that one he loved so much should be gathered into the fold of Christ. Dreading to attack his Jewish prejudices too violently, he chose rather to deal gently with a character of this peculiar texture, and sowed constantly, prayerfully, and in a true

Christian spirit, the good seed ; trusting that God would give the increase. When therefore he saw the shadow that rested on that fair young brow, he knew it to be the result of some severe internal conflict.

Mr. Julian was a Lutheran, and confirmation is a rite of that church. Parents or sponsors present their children in baptism, and when these children are of a certain age they are confirmed. Now, Anna, as Joseph was the child of a Jew, he had never been baptized, for baptism was instituted by Christ, in whom the Jews do not believe,

and he could not be confirmed because he never been baptized.

The time for confirmation approached, and Mr. Julian's anxiety arose to an almost painful pitch. He wished to hear something from Joseph, on a subject so important. He inquired of his wife if she had been able to discover what depressed the boy's mind.

"I have observed that something is the matter," said she, "and have hoped from day to day, that he would tell me what it was, but I did not like to ask him, though I rather think that something relating to religion troubles his heart."

"Ah," said Mr. Julian, "why do you think so?"

"Only from a trifling occurrence a day or two ago. He came into the room where I was sitting with little Emma, looking more cheerful than he has done for some time. The child ran to him as she always does, and he began to play with her, I do not know how it was, I began to speak of baptism and of confirmation, and I saw how instantly the cloud returned. He asked some few questions about the time at which it was to take place, and just when I had made up my mind to say something to him on the subject of his

sadness, he put the child down and left the room. I did not see him again until he came into supper, and then I observed his eyes looked red and swollen, as if he had been shedding tears."

"God grant," said Mr. Julian reverently, "that his sorrow may be of the right sort, that he may be directed to the true way, and being able to discern the truth, may be delivered from error, and so obtain eternal life. How have I prayed for his salvation! how have I trusted that my prayer would be heard!"

After a pause, again addressing his wife, he said, "Of one thing I am cer-

tain, if Joseph professes and embraces the Christian faith, he will be sincere, and it will be the result of conviction. From many questions he has asked me I know he must have studied the subject, though I cannot tell where he learned so much of his own people; surely he cannot remember any thing he heard from his grandfather. But I know enough of his character, boy as he still is, to be assured he will not embrace Christianity because it is my faith, or because it will be better for his advancement in life."

"Would you not rather have it so?" inquired Rebecca.

“Certainly,” said Mr. Julian, “and that is the reason why in my teachings, I have taught him to love Christ, as the Scriptures exhibit him, in the beauty of holiness, instead of violently opposing his Jewish feelings, which might have provoked resistance, and which, young as he was, he had already begun to comprehend. One day, when he was very young, as I was teaching him to pray, he said his grandfather had told him he must pray to none but God.” A knock at the door interrupted the conversation for that time, and it was not again renewed.

It was late in the week, the day

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dark and stormy, and Mr. Julian feeling secure from interruption, went into his study to prepare for the coming Sabbath.

He sat down beside the bright fire that burned on the hearth, but his thoughts wandered far from his sermon ; they rested on the Jewish boy.

“I am sad,” he said, “I think I must come out with the matter and talk with him.”

A faint knock put an end to his meditations. The door opened at his invitation to come in, and the very object of his thoughts entered, as it seemed timidly.

“Sit down, Joseph,” said the good

man, “I was just thinking about you, but why do you seek me now, and at a time when you know I always desire to be alone?”

“There is something I wish to tell you,” answered the youth; “something, dear father, that has troubled me for a long time, and I have hesitated to tell you.”

“What is it that you would hesitate to tell me, Joseph?” said the Pastor. “Have I ever given you cause to fear that I would not listen to and assist you with my advice if you were in trouble?”

“No,” said Joseph, and his voice trembled; “I was not afraid of you, but

of myself. I have no words to thank you for all you have done for me, but I have more than one thing resting on my mind at present."

"Tell me, my boy, what it is? I have observed of late that you are not cheerful."

"I have not been happy," answered the youth, "my mind was tortured on the subject of religious faith. I have thought much about leaving you."

"Let us speak of the first, my son," answered the Pastor, "it is of the most importance. We can discuss the latter at another time, but tell me, is now the first time that it has given you any trouble?"

“O no, said Joseph, “long ago, when I was a child, but I thought it would not last long. When I used to see the people go up to communion, and remembered what I had read in the New Testament, and all that you had told me of the Saviour, I thought when I should be large enough, I would do so too; but as I grew older these feelings began to change. Two years ago, in looking for a book in your library, I found a History of the Jews. I knew I was a Jew, for at school, the boys, when I did not please them, would reproach me with it; and I knew also that they were a despised race. From

this book, as well as the Old Testament, I learned what my people had once been, the chosen, the honoured, the beloved of the Most High. I read of their persecutions, their sufferings, their martyrdoms, their firmness in defence of their own faith. I read too 'how the cities were wasted without inhabitants, and the houses without men, and the land was utterly desolate.' I remembered much that had been told me by my grandfather, and had not forgotten the persons in costly dresses, and the grand houses I had seen before I came here. My heart turned warmly toward my own people, and for a while I felt

that I must follow the faith of my fathers. But after studying the New Testament, and your teachings, which led me to dwell on the character and mission of Christ, showed me that it was through him 'the deaf should be made to hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind to see out of obscurity, and out of darkness.' How singularly the prophesies of the unbelief of my nation had been fulfilled, and that he was the true, the promised Messiah. But I feared to take upon me the vows of the Christian faith, I doubted my own stability. I know that ere long I must go forth into the world to pro-

vide for myself, and when I thought that I might be thrown among those of my own nation, and sit in those places where there was still a shadow of our once splendid worship, I feared myself. But my mind is now firmly made up, I am resolved to be a Christian. Having put my hand to the plough, I will never go back. But I have passed through a severe struggle, and have come this evening to make known my determination to you."

"Blessed be He who hath heard my prayer," said the good Pastor, wiping his eyes; "Joseph, now my son indeed, since thou art brought into the fold of

the Good Shepherd, my son for whom I have wept and prayed, be thou but faithful unto death and thou shalt inherit a crown of eternal life. And may the great head of the church, who hath called thee out of darkness into his marvellous light, sanctify by his gracious spirit, and perfect the work he has begun."

The hearts of both were full. In that same room, where years before, Mr. Julian had prayed with the outcast and weeping orphan, he and that orphan again knelt together, and offered up the pure incense of hearts, wholly consecrated to God. Then it was for support

and comfort for the desolate boy; now, that God would accept the heart of that same boy, voluntarily offered on the altar of a pure faith.

The silence which ensued after their devotions were ended, continued many minutes. Mr. Julian was the first to break it. "Joseph," he said, at length, "you spoke of leaving me. Why is this? Have you thought of any plan respecting your course of life?"

"No, father," he answered, "I have not, but I have felt for some time that I ought not to burden you any longer, since I ought now to be able to provide for myself. I already owe you a debt

that I shall never be able to repay, a debt which calls for the gratitude of a life-time. Your family is now larger than when you received me, and I have long been trying to bring myself to tell you my determination, and ask your advice. I will do whatever you think best, only still consider me your son, and let me call you father."

"Yes, Joseph," replied Mr. Julian, "you are my son. Although not your natural, am I not your spiritual father? Have I not from thy early childhood taught thee 'the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ

Jesus?' Could I forget thee, son of my prayers, when in answer to them I have received the only reward I ever wished, to see thee brought into the fold of Him who died upon the cross to save sinners? But think no more about leaving for the present. True, it is time we thought of something, but not now. Let your mind dwell only on the solemn season before you, the more important part you have to act in entering upon a Christian life. After this is over, we will see what is to be done."

The good Mrs. Julian was not less pleased than her husband, when he told her of the determination of Joseph, and

she fully coincided in the plans he had formed for his future welfare.

The preparation for the holy rite of communion was over, and Joseph received from the hand of his benefactor the cup which Christ has commanded his followers to “drink in remembrance of me.”

Many were there who remembered the little Jewish boy on that Sunday, long ago, as led by that aged man he toiled up the village street; many too, who had blamed the good Pastor for giving protection, which they thought might have been better bestowed, to the outcast orphan. But all were touched, for they

were human, to see the blooming boy as kneeling at the altar he entered into the bond of Christian faith; a subject of the old, the purchase of the new dispensation. They remembered how God had said, "I will gather them again, for I have redeemed them; I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains, mine elect shall inherit it, my servants shall dwell there."

## CHAPTER V

## JOSEPH'S CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

SOMETIME passed after Joseph's admission to the church, without further conversation on the subject of his leaving the home where he had found true peace. He could scarcely bear to think of it himself, but as we have said, he possessed a strong, energetic mind ; and he felt prepared to battle with the world, which, as a man, he must sooner or later enter. One evening Mr. Julian invited him to his study.

“Joseph,” he said, “it is time now to talk over your future prospects, and I have been thinking what would best suit you, a trade or a profession. What have you thought of for yourself? I know you love books and learning, and our colleges provide for those who wish to study, and have no means of their own. Many have been educated in this way, who have afterwards come forth shining lights in the world. Many a mind has poured forth rich treasures, which, but for this, would have been valueless as gold in an undisclosed mine. But you must use your own free will. If you choose trade, I will en-

deavour to place you advantageously; if learning and a profession, I have influence enough to secure you a respectable entrance into a college. Which shall it be? It is for you to decide."

"My dear father," said Joseph, "I have never dared to think of the latter, believing it to be entirely beyond my reach. The utmost I hoped, was that I might obtain a clerkship, a situation, which thanks to your instructions, I know I am competent to fill; and I thought that if this were secured, by great diligence I might save some time for study. But can I really be admitted into a college? I shall be too happy!"

“Yes,” said Mr. Julian, “I have already ascertained that I can have you entered in one of the schools at Leipzic. You will be far from home, far from those who love you, and you will have temptations to resist, of which in this quiet valley you have never dreamed. But remember the vows you have taken. The eye that watched over you in your desolate childhood is still upon you. Remember the hearts that will yearn (ah, how anxiously,) after you; the trial, the sorrow, that any deviation of yours from the right path would cause.”

“Father,” said the boy, reverently, “you, as well as He whom I now serve,

has bidden me each day to pray ‘lead us not into temptation,’ and he is ever the hearer of prayer.”

“If you will always make Him your trust, Joseph; if you go armed with the spirit of prayer, I shall fear nothing for you.”

Joseph’s course was now decided; not the slightest obstacle occurred to delay this admission Mr. Julian expected, and his departure was delayed no longer than was necessary to enable Mrs. Julian to prepare a suitable wardrobe, and poor old Martha to knit as many stockings as he might want for years.

“It is likely the last I shall ever do for him—and ah, how I shall miss him. I used to lead him when he was a little child, and now for a long time he has led me.”

It was not Martha alone who regretted parting with him; his absence created a void, which was long felt in the hearts of all those he left behind, within the walls of that quiet parsonage. Was he so dazzled by the prospect of the new life opening upon him, that he had no regrets? With real sorrow, the day before his departure, he visited the spots dear to his childhood, and the lonely grave in the corner of the church-

yard; undistinguished from the grass and wildness that surrounded it, save by the flowers which he and Martha had planted there. He busied himself in removing the weeds from among them, and as he left the spot which contained the kindred dust so sacred to him he said,

“The first money I earn shall be spent for a stone for my grandfather’s grave. Do I see it, perhaps, for the last time? How know I that I shall ever return?”

And very sad were the thoughts with which he left that peaceful home, where after a stormy infancy, the stream of his boyhood had flowed so smoothly;

left it to tread the rugged path of the world, to contrast its turmoil and bustle with the calm quiet he had left behind. Would he ever return to it? and if he should, would it be with the same feelings he had loved to cherish when he lived there from day to day nor 'thought of change?'

He controlled his feelings throughout the leave-taking, and until he lost sight of the place, and no longer saw the smoke from its tall chimnies curling above the tree tops, then a shadow of the desolate feeling experienced in his childhood, and never forgotten, swept over his heart; and he found relief only



JOSEPH AT HIS GRANDFATHER'S GRAVE.

heart of his benefactor. He passed the vacations mostly at home, where the day of his return was a holiday for the family, even as if he were a son. When he did not return, he spent his time either in some useful employment, or accepted the invitation of some college friend, for he had many such, and they were of "The wise and good." His mind was of the first order, and its shining developement secured great admiration, while his quiet, retiring modesty, here, as in the village, blunted the sting of envy.

Among the youths who studied there, was the son of a nobleman, the young

Count Von B—— who, being piously disposed, soon attached himself to Joseph, and they became warm friends. The old count, though possessing much family pride, was yet a well disposed man. At first he wished his son had chosen a companion from his own class, but he finally became quite as much attached as his son, to the Jewish boy.

“Iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.” The intimacy was of mutual advantage to the two youths.

On the part of Joseph, there was no servile hope of favour, nor fawning courtesy, on account of difference of

rank; and on that of the young count, no assumption of superiority to keep his friend in mind of the greatness of his condescension. Religion, which teaches that in the sight of Heaven, all men are equal, formed the basis of their friendship, while congeniality of mind and pursuit, knit the bond more closely. In the time of one or two vacations that he had passed at the family-seat with his friend, Joseph had completely won the heart of the old count, who, knowing his history, became most anxious to serve him in some useful way.

Joseph finished his college course

with great honour, and after consulting with his father, chose the profession of medicine, and through the influence of the old Count Von B——, was permitted to study in the medical department of the college at L——. Nor was this the only favour conferred by the benevolent old nobleman. A physician who lived in that city, a friend of his, having a larger practice than he could well attend to, hearing of the excellent character of the chosen friend of the young Von B—— took him as his assistant, and gave him every opportunity of enlarging and improving his knowledge of the healing art.

After Joseph had remained for some time in this situation, Mr. Julian received a letter from him, in which, after stating that his friend Von B—— was going to Paris, and was very desirous that he should accompany him, he added, "But I delayed giving any assent to his proposal, until, dear father, I could hear from you. If it meets with your approbation, I shall go, as it will be of great advantage to me in the way of my studies; but if you disapprove, I will give it up at once, and remain cheerfully in my present situation. The old count will not hear of his son going alone, and

has taken a great fancy to me, and loads me with so many favours that I am really becoming ashamed to accept them, for I can never hope to make a return. I must tell you why he does so; only because I did my duty, and what every man should do in a like situation. The young count, with myself and two or three others, went out to walk one evening, and coming to a retired spot on the river, some one proposed going into the water to bathe. All did so except myself. As I had been a good deal indisposed through the day, I declined, and chose to remain on the bank. They were some

distance from each other, and from me, but I soon heard Von B—— call out, 'Joseph, help me, I am drowning.' He had been seized with cramp, and ere I could reach him had sunk twice; I plunged in, and being a good swimmer reached him in time to save him. With the assistance of some labourers, who were at work but a short distance from the spot, I succeeded, without much difficulty, in drawing my friend out of the water, and by the use of such means as were within our reach, animation was soon restored. The old gentleman thinks he can never do enough for me, but I do not want any

other reward than the consciousness of having done my duty. My present situation is pleasant, but in Paris there are more facilities for improvement in the practice of surgery."

The Pastor gave his consent. Joseph went to Paris with young Von B—, and remained there for two years, without having visited the parsonage, or seeing his friends.



## CHAPTER VI.

## HIS TIMELY RETURN TO HIS HOME.

HAVING completed his medical course, Joseph at length set out on his long anticipated return; and as he drew near to the home of his childhood, he found that neither his college life, his medical course, nor even his sojourn in noisy Paris, had deadened the home feeling, or indisposed him for participation in the homely joys of those whom he still loved so dearly.

His heart throbbed as he drew near, and recognised the places once familiar; and contrasted the difference between his present lot, and the time when he wandered over the same spots with his grandfather. Truly the ways of Providence are wonderful.

The village and the Pastor's house stood at some distance from the high-road, and, leaving the public coach by which he had travelled, he took his portmanteau in his hand, and proceeded on foot over a road where every stone and bush were familiar.

The sun had set when he left the coach, and he enjoyed the calm and

beautiful twilight, as it stole over the still and quiet scene; contrasting strangely with the bustle and noise of his late city life, to which, though so long subjected, he had not grown accustomed. What true lover of nature ever does feel accustomed to it? And is not the love of nature that which lingers longest in the heart?

Ere he reached the village, the twilight had darkened into night, but the bright moon had arisen, and silvered the tree tops, and danced gaily on the rippling waters of the little brook that was at the end of the village.

“I wonder if I shall meet any one

I know, or if any one will know me?" said Joseph to himself, as he walked up the long street.

But he might have spared himself the question. An unwonted silence reigned over the place, no creature was abroad. He had expected to see, as of old, the inhabitants sitting in the bright moonshine at their cottage doors, discussing village gossip, or making their own remarks on such a rare occurrence as the arrival of a stranger; but though lights in many of the houses, he saw not a human being of whom he could inquire concerning the loved ones at the parsonage.

He held on his way, and at last, the well-worn building was in sight. There it stood, conspicuous in the moonlight, with its steep roof, tall chimney, and projecting gable, just as familiar as when he left it.

There was the church, where his heart had been laid on the altar of the Christian faith. There was the churchyard, and the lonely grave of the outcast Jew, over which his infant grief had been poured. It lay before him like a picture, the gradual development of the forgotten circumstances crowding into a short space the most important incidents in his life.

The same absence of life that had struck him in the village, was now visible here; although lights were flitting about in different parts of the mansion, one only seemed to burn steadily, and that was in the room he knew to be the Pastor's. Painful apprehensions crowded on his heart. "Something must be the matter," he said, and quickening his steps he reached the threshold, and stood at the open door. Some one crossed the passage with a light. He knocked gently; a tall and beautiful girl, whom he knew at once to be the Pastor's daughter, came towards him. The recognition was

mutual. "Joseph!" "Emma!" they exclaimed at once.

The brother and sister had little time to dwell on the joy of meeting, for Emma told him that their father had been ill for some time, and the physician had said he could not live.

"O Joseph!" she exclaimed, "how glad I am that you have come; let me call mother."

Mrs. Julian came and folded to her maternal heart the one whom she had loved ever to call her son. In answer to his inquiries, she told him that an epidemic fever had been raging, not only in the village, but in the neigh-

bourhood; that every family had suffered more or less, and there was scarcely one but had suffered bereavement. "Our good old Dr. M—— was one among the first victims, and as there is no one here to supply his place, and as we have to send miles for another, the patients often die before a physician can reach them. I must consider your coming at this time, as providential: perhaps you are sent as the means to save your father. Come and see him, although he will not know you."

She led the way, and Joseph followed to the Pastor's chamber, where he found him, to all human appearance, a dying





JOSEPH AT THE PASTOR'S SICK BED.

man. In answer to his further questions, he learned that after the death of Dr. M—, and in the increasing sickness, Mr. Julian had spared no exertions to aid the sick and dying; that he had contracted a severe cold, first, which he neglected, and afterwards the fever supervened; and being weakened by the great loss of sleep he had sustained, he passed almost immediately into a state of insensibility.

“How long,” asked Joseph, “is it since his physician saw him, and when is he to come again?”

“He was here yesterday,” answered his mother, “but gave us very little

hope that he would be living until his return, which he promised should be to-morrow evening. He lives at a great distance, and there are so many sick."

"Mother," said Joseph, "there is no time to be lost. With your consent, I shall at once take the case into my own hands. I have assisted to manage very bad fevers, and knew many to recover who seemed past hope, but I cannot promise success. I can only use such remedies as I know have been useful. The issue and the blessing come from a higher source. But he cannot live many hours as he now is."

“Yes, my son, do as you will,” said Mrs. Julian, “he who sent you so providentially, will direct you to the means, and bless their use; and O what joy to all our hearts will his recovery be.”

After examining more carefully the symptoms of his father’s illness, Joseph went back to the village, to the house where Dr. M——’s family still dwelt. Having told who he was, he was readily admitted to the little shop where the medicines remained, which were left by the deceased physician.

He speedily selected such as he wanted, administered them as he thought best, remained all night by the bedside

of his sick father, and was permitted next morning to witness a slight change, very slight indeed, but one which he knew to be salutary. But the next evening, what rejoicing filled the hearts of the Pastor's family when they saw that consciousness had returned, although Joseph warned them that he was still far from being out of danger.

It was not until the next night, while administering some medicine to him, that Joseph allowed himself to be recognised. As the good Pastor raised up his eyes, he saw his son bending over him. He would have spoken, but Joseph by a sign forbade him, but he

took his hand in both of his own, and clasping them, raised them to heaven, as if asking for him the blessing he dared not speak.

Greatly to the surprise of the attendant physician and all others, Mr. Julian recovered; although his complete restoration was slowly effected.

Precious to the hearts of both was the present intercourse between Mr. Julian and Joseph. The one had experienced the fulfilment of the beautiful truth, in the passage he had quoted when he resolved to take the desolate orphan, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; thou shalt find it after many days."

The other enjoyed the luxury of proving that

“a grateful mind,  
By owing, owes not; but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharged.”

But it was not to the dwellers at the parsonage alone, that Joseph's coming was a blessing. As soon as the villagers heard of his arrival, and the wonderful change his remedies had effected in the case of their Pastor, they flocked around him begging for professional aid. Determined to remain until he should see his father entirely recovered, and the season so far advanced as to remove the apprehension

of a relapse; he readily complied, and it might truly be said, that in imitation of his Divine master, from whose service he never swerved, "he went about doing good."

Many thought it strange that "little Joseph" should know so much. Some of those who had said, "Rebecca Werner ought to send the Jew on his travels again," now hailed him as an angel of mercy; and old Martha, who was still living, said, "It was a blessed day that first brought him to the village, even if he was a Jew."

In the multitude of his engagements, he had not forgotten the grave in the

corner of the churchyard, where reposed the remains of one in whom not only all his early affections had been centered, but whose memory was still warmly cherished. "I fear," thought he, "I shall not be able to distinguish it, brambles and nettles must long ere this have overgrown the spot, but there is no mistaking the place, solitary and shut out from the rest, separated from others in death as in life."

He sighed as he spoke, and took the path that led to the sacred enclosure.

He entered, and thought it looked much smaller than it used to do; and many new graves filling it up, seemed

to lessen the distance between those of the Christians and the Jew. He advanced to the dear corner, where reposed the ashes of his grandfather, but neither nettle nor bramble grew there. Some pious heart had visited the spot, and some tasteful hand had rescued it from wildness. The Alpine pink,\* bloomed over it in all the pride of its summer existence, and lilies of the valley put forth their modest blossoms and sweet perfume. His heart was touched; who could it be that was so thoughtful? It was his sister, Emma,

\* A beautiful low plant which the Germans plant on graves, and which covers them like a sod.

who, when Martha was no longer able to go forth in summer evenings, had thus, for Joseph's sake, and at her instance, kept the spot sacred.



## CHAPTER VII.

## DOCTOR LAMAR, THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

JOSEPH remained until the autumn had nearly faded into winter, before he began to speak of departing. He had not decided where he should permanently settle, when he received a letter from his friend, the count Von B—, urging him to come at once to L—. The contents were such as filled his heart with gratitude. “The physician who practised in the neighbourhood of our

country house," said the writer, "has lately died; and my father and myself, who know your preference for a country life, think the situation will just suit you. I trust this proposition will please you, and we hope you will come at once. My father wishes to have you near him, and we can be together the greater part of the year."

Joseph accepted the situation, and entered upon its duties, carrying with him the same humble, unassuming spirit which the praises bestowed upon his shining talents, had never been able to disturb. This, together with his skill in medicine, soon brought him into a

large practice, and faithful to the vows he had taken on himself as a member of the Christian church, he ministered often to the soul as well as to the body.

After he had practised in his new situation for one year, he spoke of visiting his parents, and the young count resolved to accompany him. "He really must," he said, "see Pastor Julian, of whom he had heard so much." He was not disappointed in that good man, but the quiet loveliness of the Pastor's daughter, made a deeper impression; and ultimately ended in his removing her to L——, with full consent of all parties, as Countess Von B——.

Martha was still living when Joseph first left the parsonage for his new home at L——, and greatly did she rejoice in the prospects of the Jewish boy, who in his elevation, never forgot her. Pastor Julian was now growing old, and his children, obliged to leave him, endeavoured to induce him to leave the village which had become sickly, and take a charge near to them. But he would not listen to the proposal. “I must do my Master’s work,” said he, “and he has placed me here. It will be time enough to go to you, my children, when I cannot work.”

The evening before Joseph, with the

young count, left the parsonage, which he did not expect to visit for many years, a feeling of sadness stole over his heart. He went forth alone, to muse on all that had befallen him since he had first looked upon those scenes which he felt as if he were quitting forever. He thought of the wondrous providence which had guided him to this spot, the hand that had upheld and led him on, the deep grief that attended the beginning of a course now marked with so much happiness; and scarcely knowing where his footsteps tended, he found himself in the churchyard. He advanced to the oft visited spot in the

corner. The flowers, though robbed of their bloom, still clustered there ; but instead of one mound of earth, which he had been accustomed to find there, another grave was added, and two white tombstones marked the places where reposed the ashes of Joel Lamar and Martha Benade.

The old books, the pocket-book, the primer, and the staff which had been the companion and support of his aged grandfather, in his long and weary journeys, and which Mr. Julian had preserved, his only inheritance, he took with him.

“If I should ever forget myself, these

will serve to remind me what I was ;" said he to his father as he received them from his hand.

The good pastor and his wife lived long to rejoice in the happiness of their children. Emma bore her elevation meekly, and acting according to the education received from her excellent parents, was a blessing to her own family and the poor in her neighbourhood. Joseph is still living, and though honoured and looked up to by all in the place where he dwells as Dr. Lamar the wise, the good, the benevolent, is still the good son, the unassuming citizen, the true friend, and the pious

Christian: seeking and relieving the poor and unhappy, and endeavouring to imitate the exemplary benevolence which saved and cherished the Jewish boy.

Anna, we have now finished our stories for this time. Your aunt and cousin will be here on the morrow, to make us a long visit, and we should be interrupted were we to continue them; but if we are spared until the long nights in winter, you will then be old enough to sit up an hour later, and we will resume our teaching by examples. In the meantime, I shall have an opportunity to watch and see how

you have profited by what you have heard. May my efforts be blessed, and may the seeds of good I have endeavoured to sow, spring up, bringing forth fruit an hundred-fold.









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